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NESS

AMES' SERIES OF  
BOARD AND MIRROR GAMES.

AMES' SERIES OF  
BOARD AND MIRROR GAMES.

No. 416

◆◆ Ruben Ruben ◆◆

CLARIFIED

WITH C. J. GORDON, JR., ZOOLOGICAL  
DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR OF THE  
STANDARD EDITION OF THE  
THROUGH THE

WORKS OF

CLARIFIED  
AMES' SERIES OF BOARD AND MIRROR GAMES

NEW PLAYS.

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Ruben Rube;  
—OR—  
My Invalid Aunt.

FARCE  
IN ONE ACT

—BY—

A. Z. Chipman,

*Author of "Little Wife."*

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—O—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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FEB 16 1908

## RUBEN RUBE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS. *Q. 4326**Feb 16/08.*

RUBEN RUBE,.....*From New Hampshire.*  
 HAMLET BROWN,.....*New York business man.*  
 MABLE DASH,.....*Fashionable young widow.*

—X—

*TIME OF PLAYING—30 minutes, (with innovation of musical specialties.)*

—X—

## COSTUMES.

RUBEN RUBE.—Country boy from New Hampshire; big boots, coat, short pants, etc.

BROWN.—Neat business suit, mustache.

WIDOW.—Handsome street dress, hat, parasol and gloves, etc.

—X—

## PROPERTIES.

Drapery curtains, carpet, nice furniture, sofa, two parlor chairs, long rope hung up with pulley in flies, two feet in front of c. e., goes over to another pulley outside v. e. flies, with snap on end that pulls down and goes at back of c. d., to pull Ruben up at end of act. Ruben wears a harness under his dress with a ring in back so to catch snap on rope. Bed six feet long, eighteen inches high and wide, made to break in middle, by pulling out c. legs with rope running outside through door R. Fancy table, foot of bed, two pint bottles, both half full of milk, on table, with drinking glass and piece of muskmellon, also a cone of paper, with two table spoonful of corn starch in same, to throw in Ruben's face. Card on table, also screen to cover bed all but about eighteen inches at foot to show Ruben's boots. Night dress for Ruben, long enough to come within three or four inches of boot tops. Carpet bag with horse pistol inside for Ruben. Black cigar box with two strings with handles at end of strings for battery, small cannon cracker in other end of box, placed back of bed. Double barrel shot gun, blank catridges in same, sure fire outside R., 2 e., for explosion, also pan of red fire, R., 2 e. Night gown, night cap, pair of pants on the bed, also a box with corn starch, puff, small looking glass on bed; revolver loaded with five blank catridges, tap bell outside L. v. e. Sheet of music on sofa. Pair of pants (looks like Rubens) on bed for him to throw over screen.

—X—

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; c., Center; s. e., [2d e.] Second Entrance; v. e., Upper Entrance; m. d., Middle Door; F., the Flat; d. F., Door in Flat; R. c., Right of Center; L. c., Left of Center.

R.

R. c.

c.

L. c.

L.

\* \* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

# RUBEN RUBE: —OR— MY INVALID AUNT.

---

SCENE.—Parlor—lively music at rise of curtain.

Enter, HAMLET BROWN, L. C. E., with letter in hand, comes down c.

Brown. (*reads aloud*) “Mr. Brown. Dear sir:—I have \$500 to invest—(*puts letter in pocket*) I have seen the time I would jump at such a chance. But now, if I can only catch the dashing widow with her fifty thousand, I’ll make Rome howl! She thinks I have an invalid aunt whom I have been nursing for years. I have no invalid aunt, but my Landlady has promised to take the place of one, in case the widow calls. Everything is arranged, the bed is there—and with the Landlady upon it sick and suffering! What a picture! (*picks card from table, reads*) “Dear Mr. Brown, I have gone out for the day. Shall not return until late this evening. MRS. JONES.” Great heavens! what if the widow should call now! (*bell heard out L. U. E.*) There she is! Oh Lord! (*crosses to R., sits in chair*) What shall I do?

Enter, RUBEN RUBE, C. E., carrying a large old fashioned hand bag which contains a big horse pistol—comes down c., grinning.

What shall I say? What shall I do? (*rising*) My dear Mrs. Dash, I am surprised that—(*turns, sees RUBEN*) Well, who the devil are you? (*RUBEN gives a loud Rube*

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laugh, BROWN *startling back*) I say, who the devil are you? (*starts toward RUBEN, who looks frightened, turns and makes a quick dash for c. e., BROWN catches him and pulls him back*) I say, who the devil are you? (RUBEN *laughs again*) Answer me fellow, who are you?

Ruben. Your (spells) c-o-u-s-i-n.

Brown. What?

Ruben. (*speaks slowly*) Y-o-u-r c-o-u-s-i-n.

Brown. Which cousin? What cousin?

Ruben. C-o-u-s-i-n R-u-b-e-n.

Brown. Ruben what?

Ruben. No, R-u-b-e-n R--u-b--e.

Brown. Why, not little Ruben Rube, from New Hampshire?

Ruben. Y--e--p!

Brown. Why Ruben, my boy, I am glad to see you.

BROWN *shakes RUBEN'S hand vigorously, RUBEN cringes and pulls it away with difficulty.*

Ruben. Gess you be glad, beant ye?

Brown. I am indeed. (*offering hand again*)

Ruben. Nope. (*crosses to L. corner*) Never ag'in. Reglar pinch bug, you be.

Brown. (*laughs and goes to chair R. and sits*) Why Ruben, how you have grown?

Ruben. (*shyly and awkwardly comes c.*) Oh, yep! Ma says, "grown clean out of my britches."

Brown. (*laughing*) By the way, how is your mother?

Ruben. Nursing.

Brown. What! Another baby?

Ruben. Nope—carbunkle.

Brown. And your father? Does he still run the old mill?

Ruben. Oh, no! Mill closed.

Brown. Closed—what for?

Ruben. Oh! dam busted! Mill stopped.

Brown. Well, why don't they fix the dam.

Ruben. Cause, dad says the old mill ain't worth a dam. (*laughs*)

Brown. (*laughs also*) That's very good, Ruben.

Ruben. No, tain't neither, it was dam bad! No, no! I mean it was a bad dam. (*both laugh*)

Brown. Is your sister going to school now?

*Ruben.* Which?

*Brown.* The youngest one, I think.

*Ruben.* Oh! you mean the one with the freckles?

*Brown.* Yes.

*Ruben.* Oh! by gosh! She come nigh gettin' drowned.

*Brown.* How drowned?

*Ruben.* Fell in the water-mellon patch.

*Brown.* Drowned in a water-mellon patch? Ridiculous!

*Ruben.* Well! if you'd seen our water-mellon patch after the big rain, you wouldn't think it red—i—ca—lus Scart sister so bad, she turned black in the face and covered up all her freckles.

*Brown.* (*laughs*) Ruben, you are a funny chap.

*Ruben.* Oh, yes, folks say I be a reglar clown.

*Brown.* So you are.

*Ruben.* Yes, sir! I can turn flip flops.

*Brown.* You can?

*Ruben.* Yes, and stand on my head. (*starts to do so*)

*Brown.* No, no! you needn't try, I believe you.

*Ruben.* Well I can, and I come down here to join your circus.

*Brown.* I don't run a circus.

*Ruben.* Don't ye? Well, what do ye do?

*Brown.* I'm manager of a dramatic company

*Ruben.* Well, don't they turn flip-flops?

*Brown.* No.

*Ruben.* Or stand on their head?

*Brown.* Well, not as a rule.

*Ruben.* What do they do?

*Brown.* Why, they play comedies and tragedies.

*Ruben.* Yep!

*Brown.* And sing songs.

*Ruben.* That's it, by gosh! Sing songs and raise old Ned?

*Brown.* Yes, yes.

*Ruben.* That's me. I sing like a bird.

*Brown.* I am afraid, Ruben, you sing more like an old rooster.

*Ruben.* Don't neither, I'm a hummer, I am.

*Brown.* Well Ruben, I've got an old song. Just you wait here while I go and get it, and if you can hum that, I'll let you join my circus. (*exit, R., 1 E.*)

*Ruben.* Well I'll hum it and sing it too, cause I can.

(*introduces song—at end of song*)

*Enter, BROWN, R., 1 E.*

*Brown.* Good! Excellent! My boy, you are chuck full of talent.

*Ruben.* No sir! I'm chuck full of nut cakes and coffee.  
(*crosses to R.*)

*Bell rings outside, L. U. E., BROWN goes to L. U. E., gets letter, comes C., reads.*

*Brown.* "Dear Mr. Brown:—I shall call at your apartment at 3 o'clock this p. m. Knowing you to be a patient and attentive nurse, feel sure I shall find you at home. Sincerely yours, MABLE DASH." Three o'clock! Great heavens! the widow will be here in five minutes. (*going frantically to L. corner*) What shall I do? What shall I do?

*Ruben.* (*crosses to R. corner*) Get a bicycle, you can go faster.

*Brown.* (*coming C.*) Silence! or I'll break your neck.

*Ruben.* (*rushing up C.*) No you don't! I'll get out!

(*BROWN seizes RUBEN and throws him to R. corner*)

*Brown.* How dare you leave me now?

*Ruben.* Well I won't, if you want me to stay.

*Brown.* (*goes to table, picks up colored bottle, of milk*) Of course I want you to stay. (*drinks—gags*) Castor oil! Ye gods! What am I doing? (*rushing down L. C.*)

*Ruben.* (*R. C.*) Making a damn fool of yourself.

*Brown.* (*coming C.*) How dare you swear in my house? (*RUBEN runs up quickly into BROWN's arms, he throws him down R. C. and turns up a bit, returning toward RUBEN quickly*) Boy, I'll break your neck!

*Ruben.* (*who has fallen straddle of carpet bag, quickly pulls out horse pistol and points it toward BROWN, who staggers back*) Oh! I guess nit.

*Brown.* Ruben Rube, would you shoot your own cousin?

*Ruben.* You bet, afore I'd let you shoot me.

*Brown.* Put down that cursed pistol and assist me, for I am mad! mad! (*going down to L. corner*)

*Ruben.* (*getting up*) Yes, you be crazy.

*Brown.* Stay, boy, if you don't help me, I shall loose \$50,000. (*down R.*)

*Ruben.* Fifty thousand dollars. (*coming up C.*) Jee whitaker! I'd blow up the whole city for that!

(*pistol in hand*)



*Brown.* Not necessary, my boy. Listen, I am in love with a dashing widow. Her husband died and left her fifty thousand dollars.

*Ruben.* Yes, and she'll keep it.

*Brown.* She will keep it unless I can prove to her that I am a man more fond of love and duty, than I am of money.

*Ruben.* Yep.

*Brown.* Her first husband was a cruel monster, if she marries again, it must be for love! nothing but love.

*Ruben.* (*extraragantly*) Love! nothing but love!

*Brown.* What shall I do? (*going down to R. corner*)

*Ruben.* (*coming c.*) Sure she has got the \$50,000.

*Brown.* Yes.

*Ruben.* Then marry her quick! and get the \$50,000.

(*going to R. corner*)

*Brown.* (*crosses up c.*) Ah! but wait! She believes I have an invalid aunt whom I have been nursing for years.

*Ruben.* Yep!

*Brown.* (*dispondently going to L. corner*) Well, I have no invalid aunt.

*Ruben.* (*up c.*) Then you lied to her?

*Brown.* Yes, I have lied to her.

*Ruben.* (*going down to R. corner*) That settles your \$50,000.

*Brown.* Not altogether, my boy. (*up c.*) Hear me out. You see, my Landlady has promised to take the place of my Invalid Aunt, in case the widow calls. Now the Landlady is out, and the widow will be here in three minutes. Do you see?

*Ruben.* Yep, I see.

*Brown.* I have it.

*Ruben.* What, the \$50,000? Hang on to it.

*Brown.* No, no! Ah! now I see! You my boy, you shall take the place of my invalid Aunt?

*Ruben.* What! I be your sick aunt! Well I guess not!

*Rushing up c. into BROWN's arms, and is thrown back into R. corner.*

*Brown.* Fool that you are! Why, if you help me to do this, I'll give you a hundred dollars to start a circus.

*Ruben.* A hundred dollars and a circus? What am I

to do?

*Brown.* Well you must lie on that bed, take cod liver oil and castor oil every minute while the widow is here.

*Ruben.* I have got to take cod liver oil and castor oil every minute while the widow is here?

*Brown.* Yes sir!

*Ruben.* Well, how long will she stay?

*Brown.* Oh! I don't know; a day! a week! a month! perhaps a year!

*Ruben.* What! I have got to take cod liver and castor oil every minute for a whole year?

*Brown.* Of course you have.

*Ruben.* Excuse me! I am off!

*Starts up c., catches him and throws him around to L. corner.*

*Brown.* Oh! shaw! you only pretend too.

*Ruben.* Oh! I do, and I don't?

*Brown.* That's it, only sweet milk and candy, Now you must take off your clothes.

*Ruben.* What? Me! take off my clothes? Here! right here? No sir! I'll die first.

*(rushes up c.—BROWN seizes him and throws him back, L.)*

*Brown.* Oh! it's only your outside garments. Wait, I'll get the dress.

*Goes to bed R., gets night-dress, night-cap, picks up cone o' paper off table that has corn starch in it, and turns to RUBEN.*

*Ruben.* (L.) Here's where I die. Good-by, ma, ma.

*(goes up to BROWN, c.)*

*Brown.* Here, Ruben, here is the night-dress, here's the night-cap! (*RUBEN takes them, turns face to BROWN, so as to catch the powder fare and square all over face, when BROWN throws it*) and here is powder for your face. (*throwing powder in RUBEN's face, he sneezes*) Now get behind that screen. (*throws RUBEN around R., he points horse-pistol at BROWN, he dodges and goes to R. corner*) Don't do that I say! point it the other way. Now get behind that screen, prepare yourself, be sick! be awful sick!

*Ruben.* (*points pistol again*) Don't you give me any cod liver oil.

*Brown.* No, no! get out of sight.

(RUBEN goes behind screen, R., steps out side again  
*Ruben.* Don't you give me any castor oil.

(pointing pistol  
*Brown.* No, no, get back I say. (bell rings out L. C.,  
 RUBEN gets behind screen) Oh! Lord! the widow at last.  
 I'll retire for a moment and cool off before I see her.

(exit, R., 1 E., lively music

*Enter, WIDOW, L. C. E., in street costume, parasol over  
 shoulder—enters with a dash full of life and action,  
 makes a circle clean down to foot lights and stops c.*

*Widow.* Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown! Well, I am here, but  
 where is dear, delightful Mr. Brown. (discovers music on  
 sofa L.) Here is his music. (picks it up) He can't be  
 far away. (looks at music) The widow! written and com-  
 posed by Mr. Brown. The widow! oh! I see!

*She tries her voice by running the scale—RUBEN with night  
 cap on, sticks head up above screen.*

*Ruben.* (imitating WIDOW, burlesquing it) Tra! la!  
 la! lee!

RUBEN disappears behind screen quickly. WIDOW gives a  
 start and sings popular song—during song, RUBEN  
 prepares himself for the sick aunt, rolls up pants,  
 puts on night dress, powders face, etc.

*Enter, BROWN, R., 1 E.*

*Brown.* (very low courtesy) My dear Mrs. Dash, I  
 am indeed honored by your presence.

*Widow.* (extravagant courtesy) Thank you my dear  
 Mr. Brown. I owe you an apology for giving you such  
 short notice, but my call is as unexpected to me, as it is to  
 you.

*Brown.* (half aside) I doubt that just a little.

*Widow.* What did you say?

*Brown.* I am most delighted that you are here, but you  
 will find me just as I am, a plain every day man.

*Widow.* And a most affectionate one, Mr. Brown.  
 Pray may I inquire about your aunt?

*Brown.* She is there, (pointing to bed) sleeping. Let  
 us sit here. (both sit on sofa, L.) I hate to disturb her,  
 for she sleeps so little.

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Widow. Let us be careful, for fear we may wake her, perhaps we are speaking too loud! You say she is sleeping?

Brown. Yes.

Ruben. (head above screen) Oh! what a lie!  
(drops down again)

Widow. What did you say?

Brown. Oh! that the old lady is very shy.

Widow. How quiet she is?

(RUBEN snores behind screen)

Brown. (very nervous) Yes, yes, that is, she snores occasionally when sleeping soundly.

Widow. That is very natural. I never saw a man so thoroughly devoted!

RUBEN throws his coat over screen, BROWN seeing it, gets it and hides it quickly under his coat.

Brown. Oh! thank you for those words, and coming from your lips make them very dear. (coming down L.) I thought aunty was awake, but I find she is dead to the world.

Widow. (excited, rises and crosses to R. corner, exclaiming) Dead!

Brown. (L. nervously pushing coat up back) Oh! no, no, no, she is sleeping! sleeping quietly.

Widow. My! how you frightened me. Mr. Brown, I am sincere when I say, I think you one of the most noble and worthy men I ever met.

Brown. And I think you are one of the truest and sweetest little ladies I have ever seen.

Widow. Oh! I could kiss you for that.

Brown. I wish you would.

Widow. And so I will. (they embrace and kiss)

Ruben. (head above screen) Let go!

WIDOW and BROWN separate quickly, WIDOW goes L. and BROWN goes R.

Widow. Why! what was that?

Brown. The cat in the elevator.

Ruben. (head above screen) Or the pig in the soup.

Widow. What did you remark?

Brown. I said nothing.

Widow. I am quite sure I heard someone speak.

*Brown.* I assure you I never opened my lips.

*Ruben.* (*head above screen*) Oh, yes, you did, I heard 'em go smack. (*dodges down*)

*Widow.* There, I am positive now I heard either you or your aunty speak. I heard it plainly. (*RUBEN throws pants over screen, BROWN rushes up, pulls them off and keeps them behind him*) Mr. Brown, what is the matter? Mr. Brown, you are deceiving me!

*Brown.* (*very nervous and excited*) No, no! Mrs. Dash, I assure you I am not. I would not deceive you for the world. You are all in all to me; my heart is yours. I would give to you my very soul! (*coming nearer the WIDOW*) Mrs. Dash, I would give to you my——

(*thoughtlessly presents the pants to the WIDOW*)

*Widow.* (*screams and starts back*) Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown!

*Brown.* (*very excited*) I—I—beg your pardon.

*Widow.* What in the world are those?

*Brown.* (*in trying to hide them, coat drops from under coat, he quickly grabs both and rolls them up*) Those! those! why those are—are—bandages for aunty! (*goes up and throws them behind the bed, coming back excitedly*) I beg ten thousand pardons. I am so nervous I don't know what I am doing.

RUBEN has by this time got himself all prepared, and is in bed as the sick aunt—at this point he pulls bed clothes up so as to show his big boots.

*Widow.* (*screams*) Look! there! for heavens sake, look! Oh! my, what feet!

*Brown.* (*rushes up quickly*) Yes, rheumatism!

*Widow.* Poor soul, they have turned black.

*Brown.* Yes, yes, mortified!

(*pulls the bed clothes over RUBEN's boots*)

*Widow.* Terrible sufferer! I wish I could see her.

*Widow.* Shall I wake her?

*Widow.* No, no, I would rather go and not have the pleasure of an interview, than to feel I had disturbed her.

*Brown.* (*half aside*) If he only keeps still, I am saved.

*Widow.* What did you say?

*Ruben.* (*behind screen*) Hamlet! Hamlet!

*Brown.* (*crosses to R. corner*) Oh! Lord! I am lost.

*Widow.* There she calls you now. She is awake.

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*Brown.* (*aside*) Damn it—yes.

*Widow.* What?

*Brown.* Yes, yes, awake! I am so delighted.

*Ruben.* Hamlet! Hamlet! who are you talking too?

*Brown.* To my dearest friend, aunty.

*Ruben.* Let me see her.

*Brown.* (*aside*) You villain! (*removes screen—aloud*)  
Aunty, this is my dearest friend, Mrs. Dash.

*Ruben.* What, the widow with the \$50,000?

*Brown.* (*to RUBEN, aside*) Shut up!

*Ruben.* (*weak voice, face white, night cap, etc.*) I am glad to see you; Oh! (*tries to rise up on pillow*) Oh! (*falls back*) Oh! that awful pain! Come closer, my dear.

*Widow.* (*rather shy, goes little closer to RUBEN*) I am sorry to see you suffer so.

*Ruben.* Then kiss me my dear. (*WIDOW starts back*)

*Brown.* (*R. corner*) Ye gods!

*Widow.* Oh, yes! certainly. (*RUBEN has funny business getting ready, makes up horrible face as WIDOW comes closer, she shrinks back—aside*) Oh! that face; I can't, I can't.

*Ruben.* Come baby, kiss your aunty.

*Business worked up funny as possible, at last RUBEN grabs the WIDOW and pulls her face close to his, she struggles, at last breaks away—has powder on her face, not too much, and don't over do the funny business.*

*Widow.* (*down L. corner, frightened*) Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown! your aunty has a very feverish breath.

*Brown.* Yes, I know. (*crosses to WIDOW, L.*) Complication of diseases, first hot, then cold. Now she has a raging fever. I must give the remedy (*goes to table, gets the piece of muskmellon*) for fever.

*Widow.* What's that?

*Brown.* Quinine.

*Widow.* All of that at one dose, it will kill her.

*Brown.* No indeed. She can swallow a goose-egg with perfect pleasure.

*Widow.* Pleasure! Yes, it ought to tickle her to death.

*Brown.* (*going to RUBEN, offering muskmellon*) Here aunty, is your dose.

*Ruben.* (*takes it in hand*) Must I take it all?

*Brown.* Of course.

Ruben. What do I get for a chaser?

Widow. What's a chaser?

Brown. Medical phrase for a pusher. (*goes quickly to table*) In this case, I will give a castor oil sandwich.

(*pours out one-fourth of a glass of milk from first bottle*)

Widow. What's a castor oil sandwich?

Brown. (*takes bottle No. 2, pouring out milk until glass is half full*) One dose of castor oil (*takes up bottle No. 1 again and nearly fills glass*) between two doses of cod-liver oil. (*goes to RUBEN*)

Widow. Great heavens! who ever heard of a dose like that?

Brown. Here aunty, this will slip down.

Ruben. (*takes glass—aside*) My boy, I am afraid it will slip up. (*drinks*)

Brown. Aunty, will you have some more?

Ruben. Yes, give me the bottle. (*BROWN gives bottle*)

Widow. Oh, Lord! it will kill her.

Brown. Not at all my dear lady. You see, extreme cases require extreme measures.

Widow. I have no doubt you understand the case. What a good man you are.

Brown. Yes! (*coming toward WIDOW, who is down L.*)

Ruben. (*imitating BROWN in extravagant way—aside*) Yes!

Widow. So patient.

Brown. (*with increasing enthusiasm*) Yes!

Ruben. (*burlesquing BROWN*) Yes!

Widow. So kind.

Brown. Yes!

Ruben. Yes!

Widow. So true. (*each time making it stronger*)

Brown. (*very strong*) Yes! yes!

Ruben. (*strong as possible*) Yes! yes!

Widow. Who could help loving such a man.

Brown. Oh! say those words again! Say that I may call you dear.

Widow. Yes! (*tragic, crosses to R. corner*)

Ruben. (*speaks in same style*) Yes!

Brown. Say that we shall be like those lovers of old, "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

Ruben. (*aside*) Go it Brown, and get the \$50,000.

11 RUBEN RUBE, OR MY INVALID AUNT.

Widow. I know, I know, but mine is a jealous love, and if you were to prove false to me, I would kill you.

Brown. I would deserve to die.

Ruben. (*aside*) And you would die!

Widow. Then swear to me! swear to me!

Ruben. (*aside*) Swear! damn it! swear!

Widow. Swear that you will keep that oath?

Brown. And so I do swear.

Ruben. (*aside*) No you don't, but you should!

Widow. Stay! (*placing hand to head and in a tragic walk, crosses to L. corner*) Oh! let me think! let me think!

Brown. There is no time to think. Say! say that you will be my wife?

Widow. (*in a strong tone, exclaims*) Yes! by my soul I will.

Ruben. Wough! got the \$100 and the circus! Wough! wough! (*falls in BROWN's arms*)

Brown. } (*exclaiming*) What's the matter?

Widow. } (*exclaiming*) What's the matter?

Ruben. (*shaking all over*) A chill! a chill! a chill!

Brown. (*frantically, goes to R. corner*) A chill! what shall I give for a chill? Oh, I know. (*goes up to bed at back*) The battery!

(*Gets battery, comes to foot of bed, lays it on floor, pulls handles under covers of bed*)

Widow. What's that?

Brown. Dynamo! the battery!

Widow. (*screams, goes to L. corner*) Oh, Lord! A dynamo!

Ruben. A damn-i-no! The circus is busted!

(*BROWN lights match and lights fire cracker in box*)

Widow. Don't do that!

Brown. I must, for she is dying.

RUBEN kicks and screams, fire cracker goes off, simultaneously gun is fired off L., 2 E., rope is pulled—*bel breaks—explosion and general commotion*—RUBEN, who falls with bed, crawls out of bed-clothes as quickly as possible, in night dress, comes c.

Ruben. Here, I won't stand for this!

Brown. Or I for this!



BROWN grabs RUBEN and throws him out of paper covered window, L. U. E.,—big crash outside—picks up loaded revolver—rope is snaped in ring at his back, men at other end, ready to pull RUBEN up—as RUBEN goes through window, WIDOW screams, goes to R. corner—BROWN returns to c., starts toward WIDOW, who rushes across stage to L. corner, keeping up excitement.

Widow. Monster! keep away from me! Keep away I say!

Brown. Mrs. Dash, I beg of you, I beseech you, let me explain.

Widow. Back sir! back I say! You have played me false!

Brown. No, I have not. If you will only listen. Let me explain. I will tell you everything.

Widow. I'll not listen. Scoundrel, you have deceived me! (RUBEN fires pistol outside, one shot) Leave me wretch! I say, you have deceived me! (pushes BROWN over unto the broken bed) I leave you forever!

(starts up c.)

Ruben. (yelling outside L. c.) I have shot the dog.

Enter, RUBEN, C. E., with umbrella raised, fires second shot, WIDOW screams, runs L., jumps up on sofa, raises parasol.

Ruben. (as he gets to c., men pull rope) I am off for Tall Timber!

RUBEN shooting the revolver as he is going up, and gets up about six feet, ring curtain—hold RUBEN up till curtain is down—red fire—general commotion till end — BROWN in bed, kicking and screaming.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

# Under the American Flag.

*A Spanish American Drama in 4 acts, by Hilton Coon, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours and 15 minutes.*

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168	A Pleasure Trip.....	7 3	229	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3 0
124	An Athleted Family.....	7 5	188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	5 0
257	Caught in the Act.....	7 3	42	Domestic Fehetity.....	1 1
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